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M. Glover

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June 10

DORA'S LOVERS.

'Dr. Chandler, said his wife, timidly,
as she looked across the breakfast-table
and observed a pause in his reading.

'Well, Mary,' he responded, laying
his book open before him.

'I don't think Dora is at all well.'
'Then make some of your teas for her,
and don't trouble me about it.'

'It is not that; she grieves too much
for Robert; and Mrs. Chandler furtively
wiped away a tear.

'I will encourage nothing of that
kind; it is her duty to submit to the
will of Providence,' he replied, not
recognizing in his additional severity
the same disobedience that Dora showed
by grief.

'But she can't help it; she has no
appetite, and is so pale and thin.' 'Oh,
Horace, if we should lose her too!' And
Mrs. Chandler was so much overcome
that she had open recourse to her
pocket handkerchief.

Dr. Chandler looked at her a moment
in silence, astonished at the double
misdeed of using his Christian
name, and the unallowed weakness of
tears.

'Mary,' he said, resuming his book,
'when you are in a proper frame of
mind we will continue the conversation.'
Mrs. Chandler, left to herself and the
barren sympathy of the coffee pot, soon
put aside her tears, and sat as quiet and
meek as before, with the addition of
two red rings about her eyes.

Dr. Chandler did not notice her until his
cup was empty, and as he passed it in
he said:

'You are probably to blame for Dora's
low spirits. She had better do more
work in the school.'

'That will not help it,' replied Mrs.
Chandler, with mournful spirit. 'One
would think you were never young.'

'Usefulness is the best cure for sor-
row.'

'It may be for old people like me;
but diversion is better for Dora,' replied
Mrs. Chandler, daring to speak plainly
for the sake of her child.

At that moment Dora entered the
room with a flower pot in her hand.
Her weary, listless air pained her
father, though he gave no sign, but
kept his eyes on the letter which his
wife had handed to him. He was the
autocrat in his family, and therefore his
wife and daughter were not surprised to
hear him say, as he folded the letter,

'Dora, will you be ready to go to New
York to-morrow?'

A gleam of pleasure flashed in Dora's
face.

'To see Ella Marshall, father? I can
go next week.'

'Very well; make your preparations.
I will find some one to attend you. It
will do you good; and he majestically
left the room.

'I did not think he would let me go,'
said Dora, as she trimmed and watered
her plants.

'Your father is very judicious.'
'I believe you did it, mother dear,
and gave him the credit. Well, I thank
you both.'

Dr. Chandler was pastor of a New
England town, and his naturally sober
nature had hardened into a doctrinal
mould that held even those who loved
him at a distance. As a young man he
had been poor and repressed, and now
there seemed no future to flow, and the
stern law of duty, with no exception of
mercy, was the code of his house and
life. Mrs. Chandler was a mild, timid
woman, whom the years' even hardly
turned gray. Dr. Chandler had told
her to marry him, rather than asked her
consent, and she had yielded him the
same obedience throughout their wedded
life. They had had many children in
the churchyard, and Mrs. Chandler had
grown quiet and white, and Dr.
Chandler more rigid, for his was one of
those natures which grief can not soften,
and only Robert, a wild, active boy,
and Dora, a gentle, wistful girl, were
left. When Robert attained manhood,
he having openly disowned the church,
for which his father wished to fit him,
Dr. Chandler gave him a small sum he
had saved, and sent him to Germany to
study. With a ban fierce feeling he
said to himself, 'Had the others lived
there would have been three to educate,
and now Robert shall have what would
have been divided among the three.'

All went on very well, a til one
bright, crisp October day—Dora never
forgot it—came the news that the son
and brother was dead. Dr. Chandler
never resisted the blow a moment. No

one knew how his hopes were dashed,
or what his sorrow was, but his manner
of 'kissing the rod' was very unpleasant
to Dora and her mother. Mrs. Chand-
ler became a silent shadow in the house,
and the light was gone out of Dora's
life. Her brother had been the world
to her. He had been her playmate,
and later her hero. Her life was so
circumscribed in the quiet town that
his letters from the places she had read
of, and loved to think about, had opened
a new sphere to her. Her daily hum-
drum duties were intolerable to her, now
that he would not come back, and she
faded visibly. It was to him alone she
had poured out her hopes and aspira-
tions, and now the life was turned back
upon her, and she was being crushed
beneath the burden.

It was at this crisis that Ella Mar-
shall, a distant cousin in New York,
invited her to make a visit, and that Dr.
Chandler, with eyes opened by his wife,
accepted the proposition as his own, and
sent her. A worthy deacon who was
going down took her in charge, and the
same evening she was joyously receiv-
ed by Ella, and born into a warm
bright room. As Dora looked at the
pretty pictures while she warmed her
chilled fingers by the cheerful open fire,
and felt the influence of the scene—all
soft lines, no angles—the load seemed
to lift from her heart, and rest to come
to her troubled spirit.

Ella was chatting in the most lively
manner as she removed her wraps,
offering a hundred things, and admiring
Dora from head to foot.

'Do you know, Dora, I like your hair
so much; that plain coil of raven black'
shows the shape of your head so well,
and this cloak just suits your slender
figure. Now I'd look like a goose in it'
—said Ella and threw it over her own
pale shoulders, and straightened her
short figure to its utmost height.

In this way she rattled on, amusing
Dora, and finally leading her into the
same lively talk.

Dora was a genuine lover of music,
and had been carefully instructed, and
Ella's grand piano was a great delight.
She soon found her way to it, and, en-
tirely absorbed, was tenderly playing
snatches from the masters. A gentle
Madonna with the child hung over the
instrument, and Dora's pale face, full of
feeling, was a most happy reflex of it.
When the last notes died away, and she
slowly turned from the instrument, she
was surprised to see a gentleman sitting
by Ella. He seemed a part of the music,
so fair, and courteous in his bow; and
when he caught her eye she felt as if
she had known him before.

'Mr. Kleiner, Dora—I mean Miss
Chandler. How beautifully you played
that!'

'I thought we were alone,' Dora re-
plied, clasping her hands nervously.

'I hope I did not disturb you; my en-
joyment was almost beyond thanks,' said
Mr. Kleiner.

The conversation was much of music,
and Dora felt glad to listen, and strange-
ly comforted as by the sounds of nature
which she loved, for the music had made
her sad. In the course of the evening
it transpired that he was a German, and
that was another link to Dora—any one
who came from the country where her
brother had died.

'Don't you like him, Dora?' asked Ella
after he had gone. 'I think he is a
dear; but there is a melancholy about him
I want you to pierce. He is not a bit
merry, but it strikes me his mistake
droop the wrong way for a perfectly hap-
py man.'

'I like him,' replied Dora, simply.

'I wanted you to meet him,' said Ella,
'and I like and admire you both. Oh,
how is your father? I was so sad as
to forget to ask about him, and papa
gave me a terrible long message to him.'

In the influence of Ella's cheerful
house, and the constant variety and inter-
est of New York life, the color came
again to Dora's face, and happiness to
her heart. Mr. Kleiner called often
and a roll of new music was generally
laid on the piano for Dora. He even
tempted her to sing, and insisted on
helping her with her German. They
read the same books and talked about
them, and unconsciously Dora found her-
self trusting his opinion, and looking for
his advice. He always had a flower,
however simple, in his button hole, and
one evening laid a rose bud on the
new music by Dora's side.

'Just a flower, Miss Chandler; the
groves and valleys lay the same offering
at your feet.'

Dora looked up, with a smile, but
meeting his eyes deep and calm like a
shady pool with the reflection of some-
thing that made her heart bound, looked
down again in confusion.

After that Dora was hardly ever with-
out flowers; and when Mr. Kleiner could
not come for several days, beautiful bas-
ket, stand, or bouquet would speak for
him. The young ladies had invitations
to hear all the good music given in the
city, and the days passed so quickly and
pleasantly that the time came for Dora's
return before she was aware of it.

'Come again, dear,' said Ella in part-
ing. 'Mr. Kleiner and I will be quite
unconsoled.'

It was early spring when Dora return-
ed home, and her active vigor and light
spirits would have given Mrs. Chandler
an apt text in the success of the experi-
ment, with plenty of illustration for a
certain lecture, had she been one of that
class. But she was content to see the
improvement, and quietly observe its
effect on her husband. When the young
summer had spread its wealth of beauty
about, making Dora think often of the
sweet flowery messengers she had receiv-
ed, one of Ella's lively letters sat her
even life in a whirl.

'Ah, you rogue, do you know what is
going to happen? I do believe you are
going to make somebody very happy.
Our friend (how long will you go part-
nership?) Mr. Kleiner is going to Sam-
ueron today. Your Lohengrin is on the
way with his white swans. Don't
ask him any questions, or beware, for I
have grown very suspicious lately. Don't
you remember the opera we had last
winter? I know how your cheeks burned,
and they will again.'

'Let me know the full particu-
lars, there's a dear.'

Dora laughed and blushed, and kept
the letter to herself, only telling her
mother that Ella saw her love. But
the blind boy had a suspicion that the
fact that her hat never to be returned
had something to do with it.

Dora played the organ in church, and
on the following Sunday, when she turn-
ed after service to compose herself for
the sermon, she encountered a look of
recognition and pleasure that prevented
her from leaving the text. Frederick
Kleiner's eyes had been on her from the
time he entered the church, and he seem-
ed to find his worship there for he never
removed them until the closing volun-
tary was finished and she rose to leave.
They met at the door; he was introduced
to her parents, and, being a stranger,
was, according to Dr. Chandler's custom,
invited to dinner.

He seemed to find the parsonage rooms
very inviting, for he was often there,
and treated Dr. and Mrs. Chandler with
a respect and attention that much grati-
fied them. He brought a letter of in-
roduction from Mr. Marshall recom-
mending him highly, and Mrs. Chandler
always made the way smooth for him
and Dora to take the walks he constant-
ly proposed. In one of these, on a fine
June afternoon, he quietly led her to a
favorite haunt by the side of a mossy
basin. And while the shimmering
branches overhead cast

'Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On his shining hair and face.'

he spoke nobly and bravely of life. A
silence fell upon them, when he sprang
to his feet, and holding out his hands,
said:

'Dora, I love you! Will you be my
wife?'

Dora gave one startled upward glance
and with her head turned aside, slowly
put out her hands. They were held in
a firm grasp for a moment, and then cov-
ered with kisses until they fairly seemed
to blush.

'Dora,' he said, 'you have been my
life's dream. I felt it when I first saw
you.'

At that moment a shadow swept over
the sun, and he dropped her hands and
leaned against the tree.

'Daring, I ought not to accept your
sweet answer, though dear to me—he
made a movement toward her, but with
an evident effort restrained himself—
'until I tell you of a cloud in my life,
like that above us now.'

Dora looked up with perfect trust in
her eyes, and he continued, with quick
breath.

Dora gave a fluttered sigh, but came
nearer, and laid his head on his shoulder.
He drew his arm tightly about her,
but instantly dropped it.

'No, darling; let me see your face.
Two years ago I was a student at Heidel-
berg,' Dora clasped his arm tightly,
and her eyes expanded. 'At one of our
convivial student meetings too much
wine was taken for some of the stranger
students, and harsh words passed be-
tween me and one of them.' Dora turned
white. 'Are you ill? I will not tell
you now.'

'Yes, yes; go on,' she said, breathless-
ly.

He rapidly continued: 'In an angry
moment he challenged me, and our tem-
per was such that we arranged the meet-
ing immediately. I chose the usual
weapon, a sword; but he, apparently a
headstrong fellow, would not accept, but
insisted on pistols. In a moment my
better feelings regained their sway, and
I deplored the quarrel, and tried to
make amends, but nothing would do
but the encounter. Then, determined that
a fellowman should not suffer for my
folly, I raised my pistol to fire in the
air. This he seconds, also excited, per-
ceived, and would not permit. Thus
forced into the situation, I fired below,
and wounded my antagonist in the leg.
I often called at his lodging, left fruit
and wine during his illness, but he
would never see me, and before he could
leave his room I was obliged to be ab-
sent for a few days. When I returned,
my first inquiry was for him, and to my
surprise and horror, learned that he had
died from the effects of the wound!'

Dora hung upon him, and swayed as
if she would have fallen.

'Darling, I have frightened you?'

She shook her head, and signed for
him to go on. Supporting her in both
his arms, he hurriedly said,

'I lingered several months to see
whether any action would be taken, and
then left Germany, and shall never re-
turn.'

'His name?' asked Dora, hoarsely.

'He was called Herr Robert. Was
an American, I think.'

'What was he like?' asked Dora,
struggling from his arms.

'Tall, dark brown hair, eyes of two
colors. I never shall forget how he
looked that evening,' he said, looking at
her with troubled surprise.

'When was it?' gasped Dora, in a
sincerely audible whisper.

'September.'

'It was my brother!' she said, with a
terrible cry, and dropped on the grass
at his feet.

He looked at her a moment, stunned,
as if he had smitten her, bent over her,
and, with a groan, turned and reeled
away to an old tree, where he stood
motionless. After a time she arose and
moved homeward. He came to her,
handed her, her hat and walked by her
side.

'Dora, speak to me,' he cried, as they
left the wood.

She hardly noticed him, and how they
found their way home, with the glories
of the sunset before them, neither knew
he left her at the gate, and spent the
night by his open window with as little
life and outward sign as a statue, though
his face of agony would have made a
stone cry aloud.

Dora went to her room with the ex-
cuse of a sick headache, and she did not
heart-ache her trouble would have been
better described. She read Robert's last
letter, placed and replaced the trinkets
she had as mementoes, weeping and
wringing her hands, with her black hair
streaming about her like a storm-cloud.
She took the last bouquet Frederick
had given her, kissed and fondled it,
and crumbling its faded, fragrant leaves,
threw them out at the night.

'Oh, my brother! oh, my lover! she sobbed
and cried, crouching in the window cur-
tains, and lying with her face buried in
the pillows on her bed. For all that
Robert had been to her, Frederick had
been much more. How the beauty of
the world had unfolded since she knew
him! how life had opened before her!
What a gift she had in his love! how
pure and strong to do she felt with his
eye upon her! All over now. She
could not think steadily, except she
knew that they must part.'

In the morning she felt too weak to
leave her room, and hardly knew the
breakfast hour had come, when her
mother knocked at the door. Like one
far away she bid her enter, and Mrs.
Chandler heard it all without a question
or comment, and when Dora finished,

and exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, what shall
we do? she took Dora in her arms, and
said:

'My poor child! Oh, my dear, lost
son!'

Dora dared not look up or speak; but
after a moment Mrs. Chandler said:

'He will come to-day, and I will see
him. Your father must know nothing
of this.'

Then she put Dora to bed, and made
her drink a cup of coffee, telling her
father that she had a headache. Dora
yielded with weary submission. Her
gentle, timid mother seemed strong to
do and bear; she had taken the whole
burden, and Dora, against her usual cus-
tom, was passive. She knew how her
mother had loved Robert, and what her
grief must be, but not a sign appeared
in face or voice.

Before the morning was far advanced
Dora heard the gate shut, and as her
mother did not return she knew that
Frederick was there. She waited what
seemed an interminable time; and then
obeying a voice within that cried to see
him once again, dressed and went down
to the parlor. Mrs. Chandler had met
him, and without a word of blame, dis-
missed him. She said she did not for-
give him, for she had nothing to forgive;
that the disastrous result of the act was
not his fault, but that he could not
marry Dora. One thing she asked,
which was all he could do, and he must
not refuse. No word of this should
ever pass to another mortal. It was but
justice to him, and was her will, the lit-
tle woman said, in a tone of authority.
He asked the privilege of bidding Dora
good-by, and for an instant his wan,
suffering face, with its great want in the
eyes, moved her, but she had absolutely
refused, when Dora entered.

'Dora,' he cried; 'have you come to
me again? But she waved him back.

'Will you not give me your hand in
parting?'

She turned from him and held her
hand out behind her.

'Not so!' he cried; and catching her
in his arms, she kissed him on her face
and lips. 'My love! my love! thus I
claim you. I do not ask to be forgiven,
for you are mine.'

Dora, hardly knowing what she did,
clung to him, and he, turning to the
astonished mother, said,

'Mrs. Chandler, she is my wife; and
though I never see her again, no other
woman shall fill that place.' And lay-
ing Dora on the sofa, he was gone while
his 'Lebe wohl' still rang in her ears.

In the long weeks and months that
followed, that parting was the only com-
fort Dora had. Dr. Chandler asked for
Mr. Kleiner, for he had become a favor-
ite, and then dismissed the matter. The
secret and her grief wore Dora out. She
struggled bravely, tried to absorb her-
self in her duties, did twice as much as
formerly, but failed day by day. Her
mother's anxious ear detected a cough,
and before long her father noticed her
failing health. In his usual authorita-
tive manner he decided on another visit
to Ella Marshall. Dora shrank from
this, and openly demurred. She had no
lack of invitations, for Ella sent con-
stant appeals. In her last letter she
said:

'Dora, what is the matter with your
Lohengrin? Have you asked him
questions? He did not come near us
until the last of August, and now he is
more interestingly melancholy than ever.
But he has introduced a delightful friend
—Mr. Armstrong. Do come down and
see them both, and your devoted cousin,
'ELLA.'

Dr. Chandler would hear no objection
to his plan. It had done Dora good be-
fore; she must go; and she did. Freder-
ick called before he knew she was there,
and when their eyes met, Dora left the
room in haste, for she could not bear his
earnest gaze. He had so changed in
those months, and her rebellious heart so
quickly responded, that it was long be-
fore she was composed enough to remain
in his presence. His friend was a lively
clever man, with a wonderful beard all
over his face. He had keen eyes, that
seemed to see even through walls, and
Dora's confusion and Frederick's sadness
did not escape his notice. He was
Frederick's constant companion, and they
were evidently much attached. They
had met in the summer, and had be-
come mutually attracted.

Ella liked Mr. Armstrong, but when
he began to pay pointed attention to
Dora, gave a little sigh and stood aside.
The more Dora retired—for she could
not bear to hear words of love from
another man—the more pressing Mr.

Armstrong became. He was devoted to
her; and when he detected any look be-
tween Dora and Frederick, and he seem-
ed to see them all—he became more
merry. Any address on the part of
either delighted him, and his forced Dora
to accept his attentions or be positively
rude. He made every effort to see Dora
alone, which she avoided, and one after-
noon, after skillful maneuvering, succeed-
ed, and offered himself in the most rap-
turous manner. Dora refused him,
would not hear his pleading, and at last
he was obliged to leave.

'I love you—have loved you long; take
me as your brother!' caught her in his
arms and kissed her. Dora indignantly
struggled free. 'Ah, my little sister,
don't you know me—Robert, your brother?'
Dora looked long and earnestly in
his face. 'Brandy, boy, when will
you come home?' he quoted softly.

'It is! it is!' cried Dora, throwing her
arms about his neck.

When her first glad surprise was over
he told her the story of his disappear-
ance. He had fought the duel with
Kleiner—been wounded. 'Did you ever
notice my lameness? How well I have
concealed it!' He was 'very ill.' The
physician ordered him to be removed
from Heidelberg. In his absence this
report was circulated that he was dead,
and knowing his father's severity—'You
know he particularly threatened his
anathema if I fought a duel—he deter-
mined to take advantage of it and travel
a while before he returned. When he
thought of his folly and unkindness to
those at home he was ashamed to
come back, and had lingered longer still.
He knew Kleiner when he met him, and
had just made up his mind to face all
and return home, when Ella told him
that Dora was coming down. He staid to
see her, his beard being a complete
disguise, soon perceived that she and
Kleiner were in some heart trouble,
formed this little plan, and and it was
successful.'

Dora, though too happy to blame him,
told the story of their love and separa-
tion, and he was more angry with him-
self for the thoughtless wrong he had
done than she could be.

In the midst of their conversation, as
they sat with their arms about each
other, the servant announced Mr. Klein-
er. He was turning back when he saw
them in that attitude, when Dora cried
out:

'Mr. Kleiner, this is Robert, my
brother! He is not dead!'

Frederick looked Robert over from
head to foot, and then opening his arms,
said,

'Dora.'

She sprang toward him, and Robert
left the room, though it was minutes
before they were aware of it.

It was just such another day at the
one on which Dora had heard of Robert's
supposed death, that the bells rang
cheerily in the staid New England town,
and white marriage favors flashed in its
quiet streets. The prodigal had returned,
a new son was to be received, and
Dr. Chandler, for once practicing the
kindly precepts which he so sternly
preached, had killed the fatted calf, and
made merry with his friends. The sun
could not be too bright or the flowers
too gay; and if Robert and Ella hogged
rather long in the moonlight on the
porch while the wedding party were
joyous within, no one noticed it but
themselves; and Dora, as she kissed her
friend good-night, saw her secret re-
flected in the glass which love had put
into her own hands.

Rather a loud joke is told, on one of
the ink-slingers in attendance at the
Press Convention in Atlanta. A certain
editor who wasn't celebrated for his
cleanliness of person, wore a robe bud
in his button hole at the banquet,
and took great pride in showing it. He
approached a young lady and said: 'Jan's
this robe bud beautiful?' To which she
answered affirmatively. He then asked
her if she could 'imagine how it came
there?' The lady turned up her nose
and said, 'I suppose, sir, that it grew
there.'

The editor went home, designed of his

Idaho Chinese fly musical kites.

Havana has 250,000 inhabitants.

Schneider has returned to Paris.

Piji has amassed a national debt.

Sugar comes from Java in baskets.

Twisted hemp cures foot-ache.

Bits of frontier life—Scalps.